Outnumbered - It's all for nothing

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by reid_simp

Summary

He has an empty, heartbroken look on his face, like it’s dark and he can’t quite cling onto reality. He kept her alive so he could kill her in front of him.

Jack visits Will while he recovers from Hannibal stabbing him. He's not doing too great

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It's Jack's first-time visiting Will in hospital following the events in Hannibal's house. Jack's injuries had been significantly less serious, having kept the weapon in. Will didn't have that luxury. He'd spent hours in surgery, doctors trying to save as much of his organs as possible. They said Hannibal cut carefully and surgically so Will wouldn't die but clearly didn't bother trying to conserve parts of his organs.

Meanwhile Will's capacity to 'hold it together' isn't functioning like it normally does. Nothing much is functioning like it normally does.

"Hey Will," Jack says cautiously as he sits in the chair next to the bed. He'd been told by the doctors, nurses, Chilton- well, everyone, that Will hasn't been handling the events particularly well. He goes between believing Abigail is alive and falling into depressions it takes hours or days to get him even slightly out of. One of the nurses admitted he's less upsetting to be around when he thinks Abigail's alive. At least then he's happy.

Jack can tell which he is today, because he has an empty, heartbroken look on his face, like it's dark and he can't quite cling onto reality.

"Jack?" Will murmurs, eyes barely open. He'd be curled up on his side, but his stomach is twisting, like he can feel the knife still inside, and so movement is too much. He's barely moved today. His physical therapist is getting very angry now, though it's only been a couple of days. Apparently, he should be going to the bathroom already. Apparently, he should be 'functioning'. Apparently, they should already be talking about discharge. He thinks about now the doctors are very angry with him. He thinks they're probably debating moving him to psyche.

And there's nothing he can do, no manipulative tactics to let him go home, because he can't function enough to do so. He can't string together a thought beyond the fact that Abigail is dead.

"Hey Will, how are you feeling?" He tries not to display too much pity in case Will notices, but clearly Will is hardly present.

"It's all for nothing." Will feels numb, except the reminder of his betrayal, and his heart aching in pain. Alana would be absolutely fine if it wasn't for him. Jack would never have been in the hospital if it wasn't for him. Abigail would be alive if it wasn't for him.

Abigail would be alive.

He kept her alive. They were meant to run away together, sure, but Hannibal would have used her. One day, he would've gotten angry and killed her to spite Will. The moment Hannibal got his hands on her, she was dead. And that connection wouldn't have been possible were it not for him.

He kept her alive so he could kill her in front of him.

“Will?” He doesn’t snap back to reality but sounds seep in sometimes. Reality ebbs and flows like the blood that took Abigail away. Their blood blended in a strangely particular and fitting way. Perhaps they were supposed to die together. He knows it wasn’t what Hannibal intended, but perhaps he was supposed to make the choice for himself, tip his head back and accept peace in death.

It should be him; she never should have died. Her whole life, surrounded by men who hurt her, and all Will wanted to do was promise something different. He wanted her to have a happy ending, to be the father who gave her love. He just wanted things to work out.

Was that really too much to ask?

“Will?” The voice is firmer, but still soft enough not to be a shock to Will. Odd for Jack’s short temper. He drags his eyes to sit in the mid-section between Jack’s eyes and the top of his nose. He’s not particularly good with eye contact and has found it’s a good spot to keep on. “It wasn’t all for nothing, Will. You were right, you were right about Hannibal the whole time.”

“But he got away. He killed- he- and he got away.” It’s hardly above a whisper.

“We’ll get to him, Will. We'll find him and bring him to justice for what he’s done to Abigail. To all the victims. to Abigail.”

“He’ll get away again. He will, Jack.” He pauses in disbelief. “He brought her back to me, just so he could take her away. He kept her alive, all that time, just to dangle the bait.” He stops, hardly breathing, hardly thinking. “It’s all for nothing.”

End Notes

published with 42 minutes to go!!
busy day haha

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